

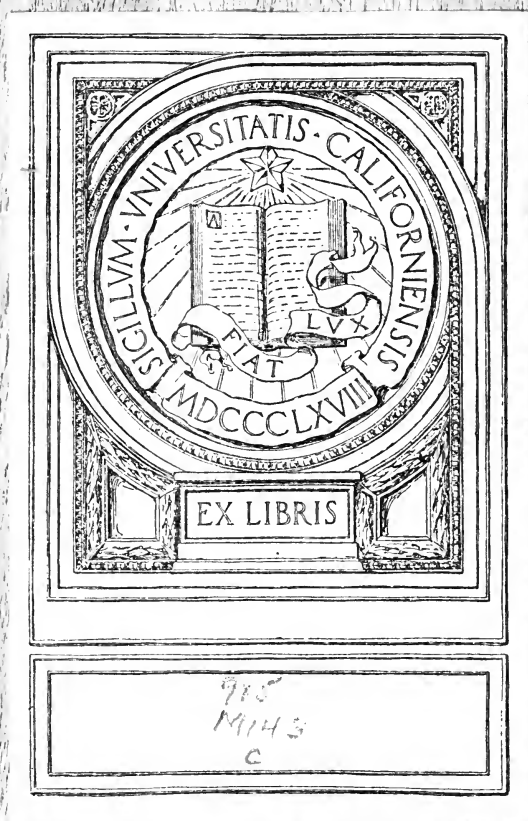
985  
M143  
C

UC-NRLF



\$B 27 742

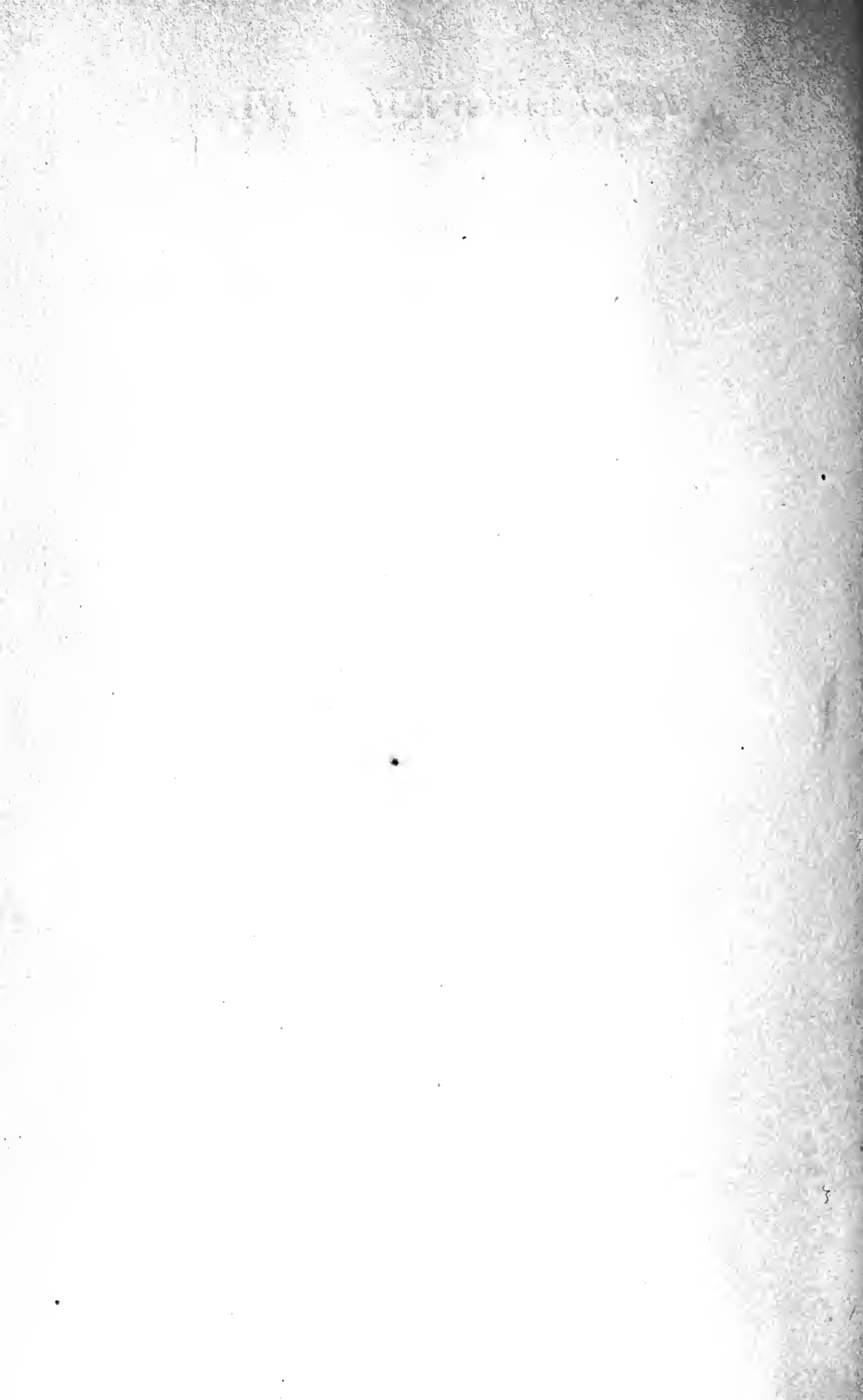
YC 14565







# A CALIFORNIA IDYL



# A CALIFORNIA IDYL

BY

ERNEST MCGAFFEY

//



PUBLISHED BY  
THE CHANNING AUXILIARY  
GEARY AND FRANKLIN STREETS  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO THE  
ASSOCIATION

USED BY PERMISSION OF  
DODD, MEAD & CO. • •

COPYRIGHT 1899  
THE CHANNING AUXILIARY



# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

DRAWN BY

W. H. BULL



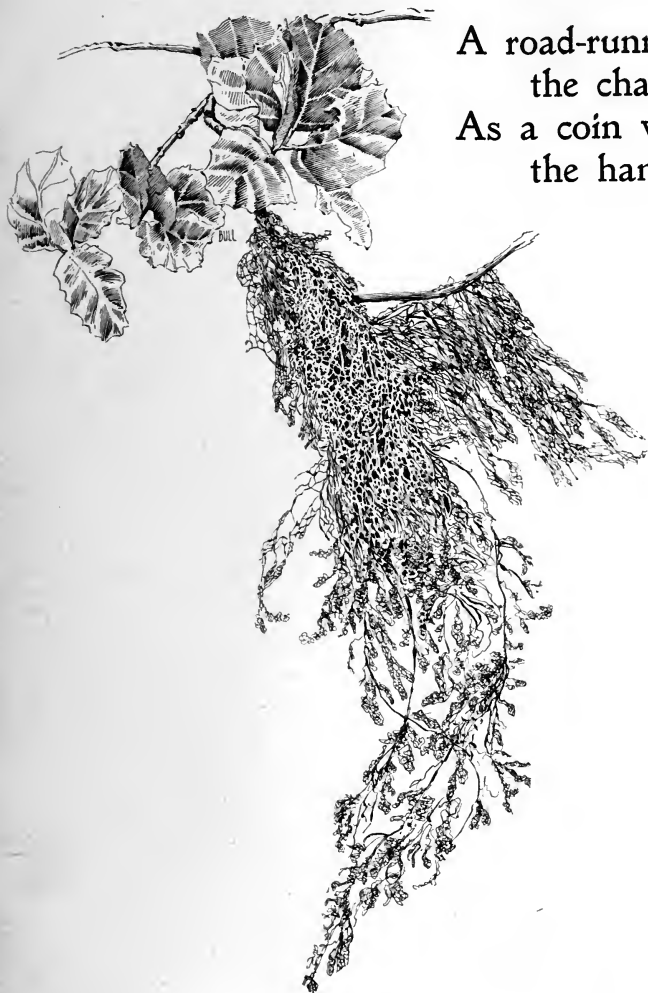
	PAGE
I. California . . . . .	9
II. Lichen on Live Oak . . . . .	11
III. "A road-runner dodged in the chaparral" . . . . .	12
IV. California Lilac . . . . .	13
V. "A black wasp droned by his sun-baked cell" . . . . .	14
VI. Mimulus . . . . .	15
VII. "While flat on a stone lay a Nile-green lizard" . . . . .	16
VIII. Sycamore Leaf . . . . .	17
IX. "And a wolf in the rift of a sycamore, sat gray as a monk at the mission door" . . . . .	18
X. Cactus Bloom . . . . .	19
XI. "A sage-hen scratched 'mong the cactus spike" . . . . .	20
XII. "While steady as ever rose anvil-strike, came the rat-tat-tat of a yellow hammer" . . . . .	22
XIII. Quail in the Brush . . . . .	23
XIV. "And a shy quail lowered his crested head to the rock-lined sweep of a dry creek's bed" . . . . .	24
XV. "While a rattlesnake by the dusty trail, lay coiled in a mat of mottled scale." white sage . . . . .	26
XVI. Wild Oats . . . . .	27
XVII. "Then the gray wolf sprang on the sage-hen there" . . . . .	28
XVIII. "And the lizard snapped at the wasp and caught him." Wild Buckwheat . . . . .	30
XIX. Sycamore Foliage . . . . .	32





THE  
JOURNAL  
OF THE  
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

## A CALIFORNIA IDYL



A road-runner dodged in  
the chaparral  
As a coin will slip from  
the hand of a wizard,



W. H. BULL



A black wasp droned by his  
sun-baked cell,



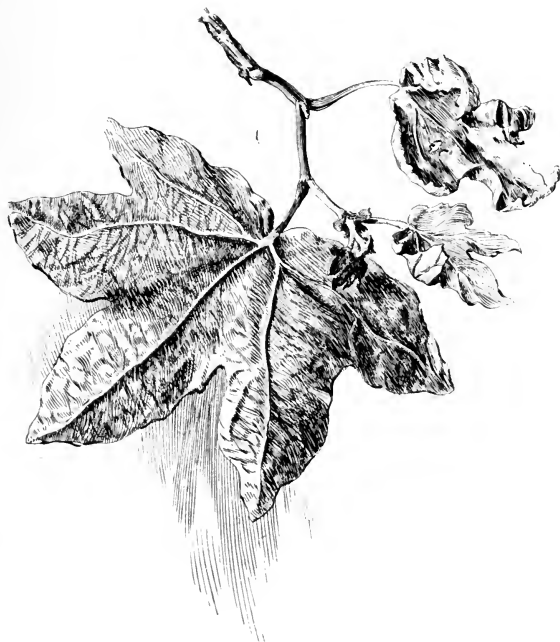




While flat on a stone lay a Nile-  
green lizard,



And a wolf in the rift of a sycamore  
Sat gray as a monk at the mission door.





A sage-hen scratched 'mong the cactus spike,  
While high in the sky was the noon sun's  
glamour,





While steady as ever rose anvil strike  
Came the rat-tat-tat of a yellow hammer,





And a shy quail lowered his crested head  
To the rock-lined sweep of a dry creek's bed.





And out of the earth a tarantula crept  
On his hairy legs to the road's white level,  
With eyes where a demon's malice slept,  
And the general air of an unchained devil,  
While a rattlesnake by the dusty trail  
Lay coiled in a mat of mottled scale.



Then the gray wolf sprang  
On the sage-hen there





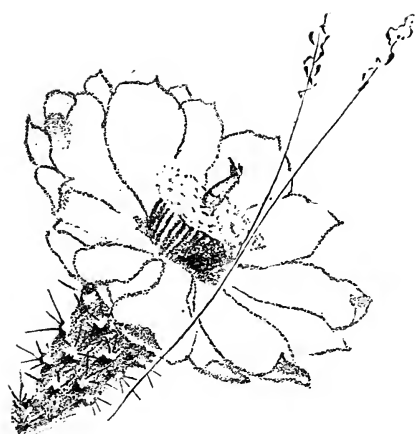
And the lizard snapped at the wasp and caught him,  
While the spider fled to his sheltering lair  
As though a shadowy foeman sought him,



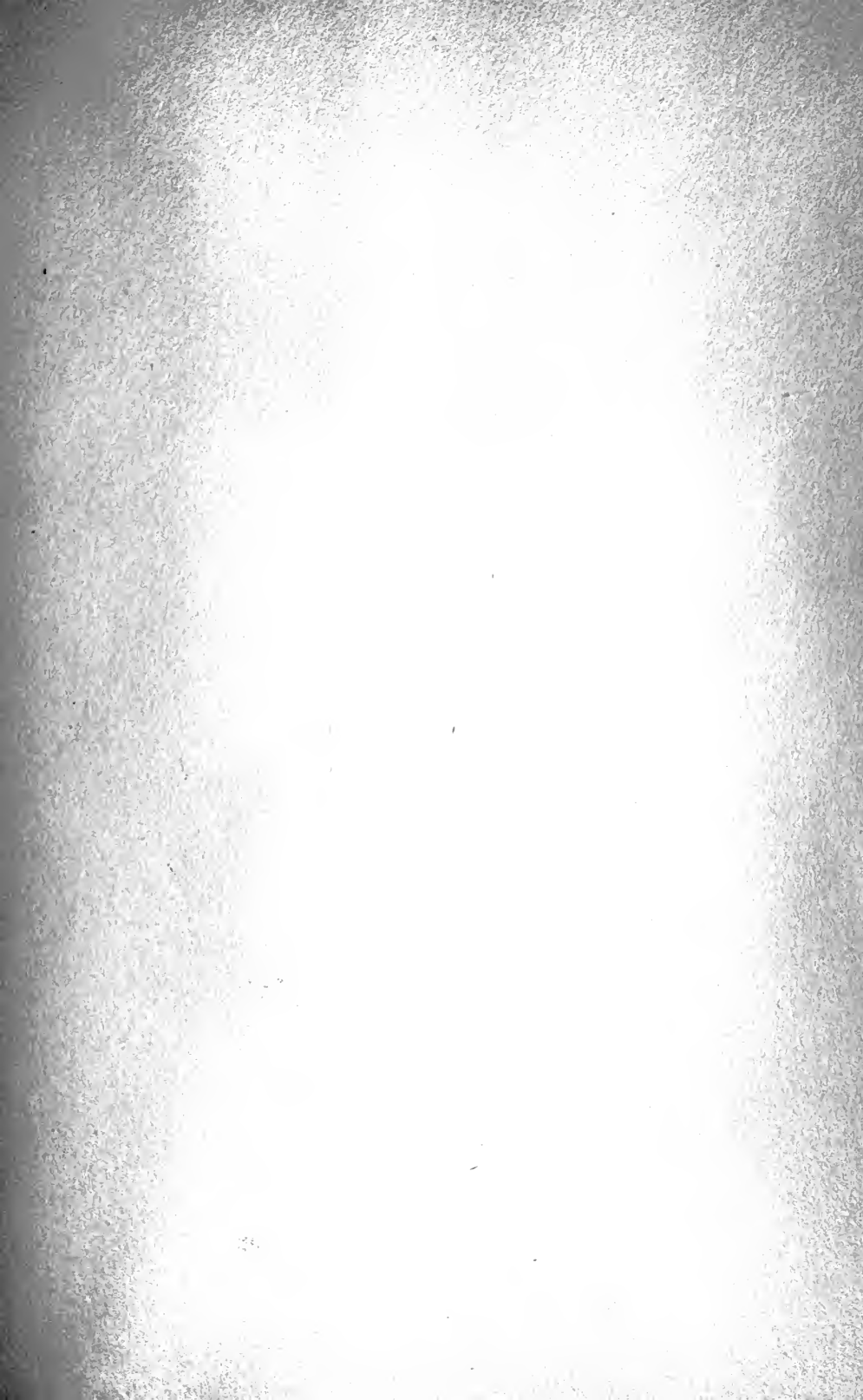


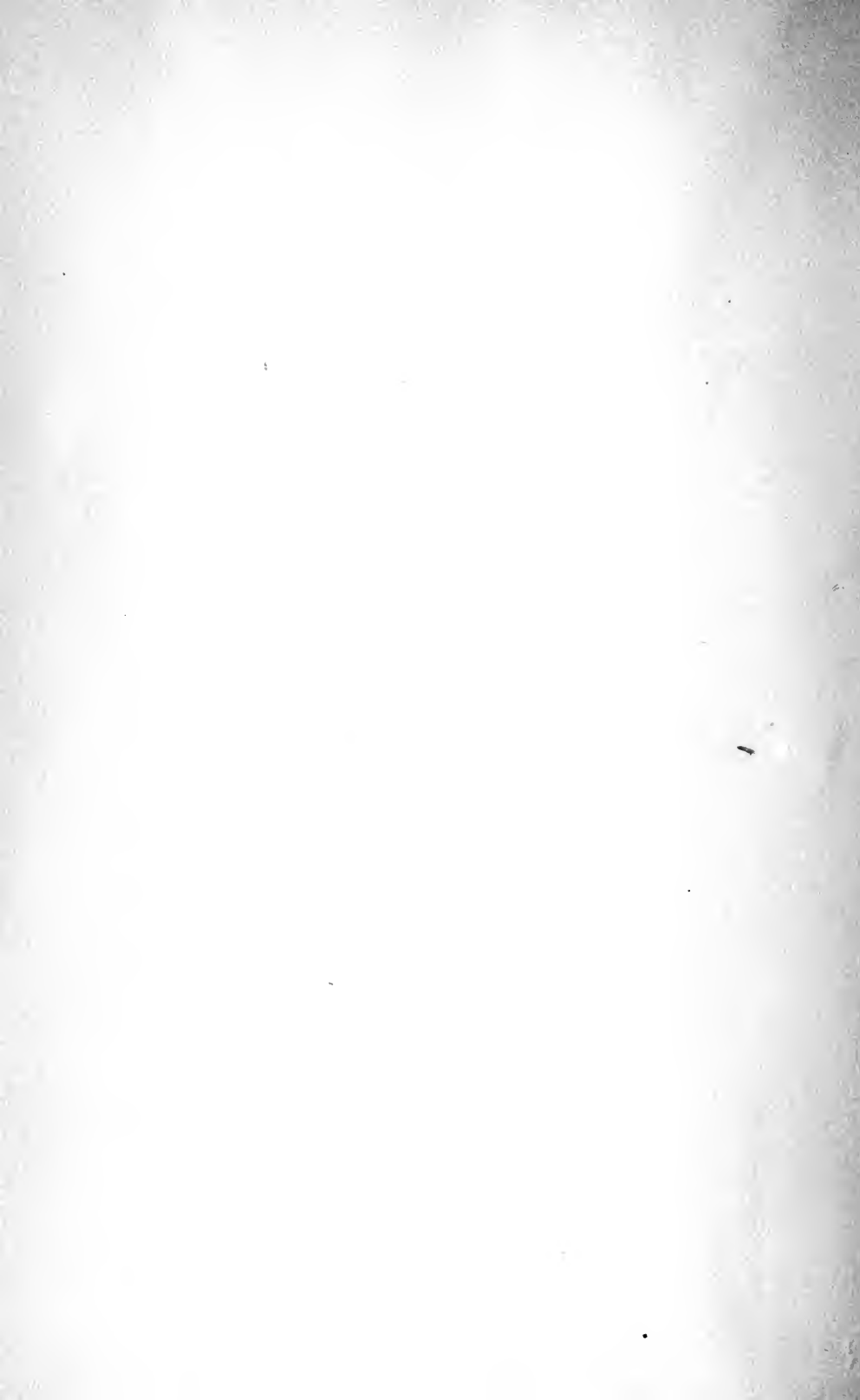
And the road-runner slipped from the wayside brake  
And struck his beak through the rattlesnake.



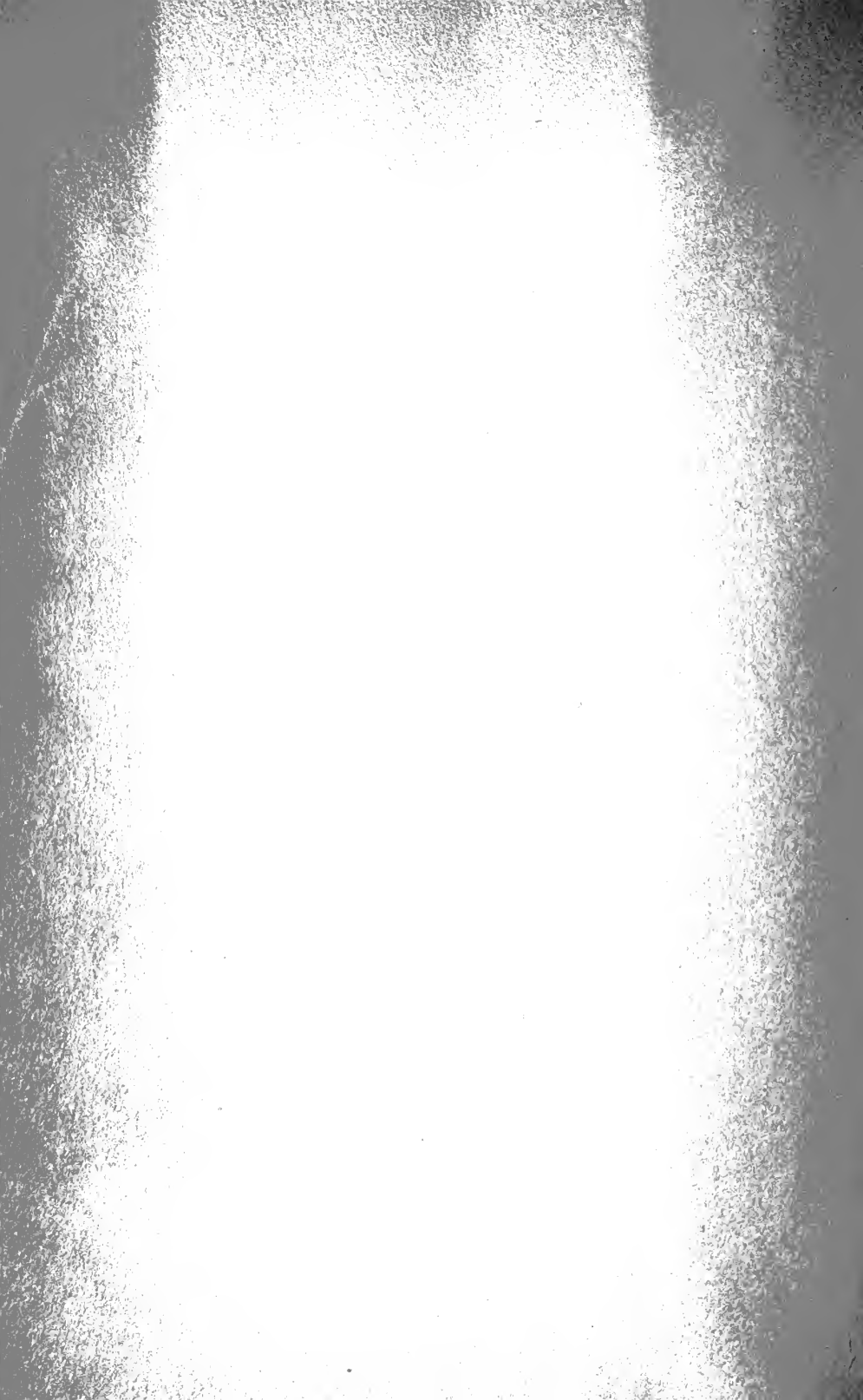




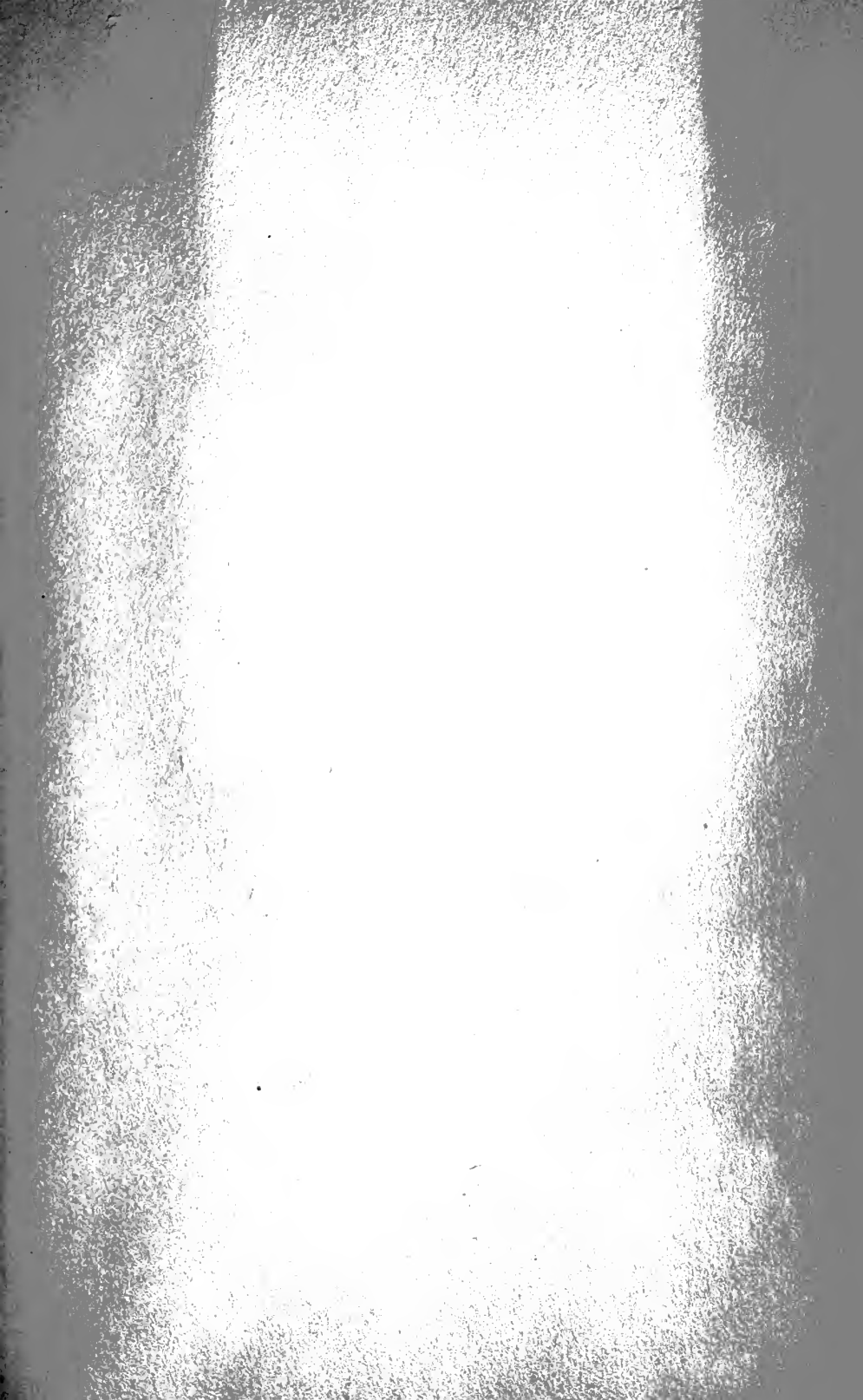












YC 14565

690014

985  
M143  
c

McGaffey, E.  
A California idyl.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

